
O N
Her Majesty's G R A N T
O F
Woodstock Park, &c.
T O
His Grace the D U K E
O F
MARLBOROUGH,
1 7 0 4.

In a LETTER to Signior Antonio Ferris at Hampton-Court.

R Enown'd in Arms, when Mighty *Heroes* rise,
Th' Immortal *Muse* in lasting Numbers try's,
To future Ages to transmit their Fame,
And give 'em after Death a Living Name.
The *Fields of Bliss* below, the Shady Grove,
Were the Reward of all their Toils above ;
The *Mantuan Swain* has fill'd the Solemn Place,
With the wreath'd Worthys of his *Roman Race* ;
While greater *Marlborough* disdains to wait,
Mature for Fame, the slow approach of Fate :
But Reaps that Glorious Harvest whilst he Lives,
Which Time, to all his Ancient Hero's, gives.
Elysian Shades shall now no more be sought,
The Gay Creation of the *Poets* Thought ;
The *Royal Gift* display's a nobler View,
No feign'd *Elysium* can exceed the True.

Woodstock

Woodstock her lov'd *Plantagenet* no more
Laments, when *Marlb'rough* shall her State restore ;
She for whom *Chaucer's* Tuneful Lyre was strung,
And *Wilmot's* Muse in softer Transport sung,
From lonely *Bowers* her lofty Head shall rear,
And Chearful, like her Conquering *Lord*, appear.
Thro' her cool Glades on ev'ry verdant Plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure Reign :
High on her Walls, *Imperial Eagles* tell,
By bolder Hands how fierce *Bavarians* fell ;
Here we behold, by *Verrio's* Pencil wrought,
The num'rous Spoils from *Swabian* Conquests brought ;
How o'er th' opposing *Schellenberg* he run,
Which none before but Great *Gustavus* won.
Here, Camps Affaulted, and a City Storm'd ;
There, on expanded Plains the Battle form'd ;
Thro' Seas of Blood the fiery Courses Fly,
And Rapid Streams, and Thundring Brass defy ;
While Ecchoing Clifts and Sylvan Heights around,
With Groans and Shouts alternately resound.
Surrendring Squadrons with their *Lillies* Torn,
And Haughty Chiefs before his Prowess born ;
In exile *One*, and *One* beneath his Chain,
Strive for a *Crown*, and *Liberty* in Vain.
Gild his Victorious Carr, bold Artist, draw
Albion Rejoycing and the World in Awe ;
Paint in full Splendor, all his Acts that claim
Triumphant Laurels and Immortal Fame.
Make him *Gaul's* glitt ring *Flowers* in Homage yeild,
To fix 'em faster in *Britannia's* Shield ;
Let *Austria's* sacred Branch in State descend,
To view the Victor and applaud the Friend ;
Let your Great Genius on the Canvass show,
How the Swift *Rhine*, and how the *Danube* flow,
How Eastward *This*, in Streaming Purple stray's,
How *That*, his Captives to our Coast convey's ;
How *Thus* the Tropheys he at once has won,
Haste to the Rising and the Setting Sun.

F I N I S.